

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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XWYM CJLXYG

YESTERDAY

WINDWARD

The Seniors Relax.
Moneychangers at Bard.
Men, Women and Fun.
Observations.

By Arty Breezevane

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Rumors have it that the Senior Class has gone military. At least little banners and pop-guns and spangles will go toward decorating the Memorial Gym for the Prom if negotiations with Lucky Platt go through. And Senior negotiations, even between Millers and Campus with heavy sailing all the way, are famous. Perhaps the barrage of rolls and other foodstuffs from the back of Commons was actually Senior target practice in disguise. Target practice or growing pains or good clean fun. The Seniors are real devils-may care, they meet everything with a laugh. And vice versa. Fortunately they are not wearing uniforms.

Cleaners and dyers, laundrymen, newspapermen, and Associated Sound (general collectors on the side) were instrumental in shattering the Prom week-end hopes of many students here. Banker Parent's room up in Potter was a veritable moneychangers nest, as, book in hand, the campus business interests pounced upon every unhappy debtor as he entered the den and divested him of his \$4.50. The question now arises, who started the idea of refunding the student body its year book money. Or was it a coincidence?

The debate last Friday afternoon with Vassar College on the question whether men have more fun than women was quite successful with perhaps one exception. Both teams neglected to mention that there were other men and women in the world besides those who had gone to college. Bard did hint that this situation existed but the gentle opponents ignored the point entirely. Maybe they were thinking of Mae West.

"The love life of a dandelion should be investigated before it imperils the morals of our children," said a spokeswoman of the Spinster's Society for the Cornering, Investigation, and Probable Extermination of Vice at a recent meeting in Troy. And violets, too, have their evil side, especially if they are picked in bunches.

The Guardian

A GUARDED PAPER FOR GUARDED PEOPLE

NEW INVENTION HERE

GUARDIAN OF MORALS



Guardian's Candidate for Guardian

NAMES J. E. HARRY AS P. M. GUARDIAN

At the organization meeting of the Committee for the Preservation of Ideals and Morals in our Youth, held last Tuesday in the Town Hall, the ladies decided to add a new office to the Board of Town Fathers. Mrs. Etaoin Schrdu, wearing a lovely print dress of chiffon with short sleeves and a wide sash, explained the office. A tentative name for the officer is Guardian of Morals.

Miss Thedora Smyth, in a manish suit with flat heels, immediately proposed Dr. J. Edward Harry of Bard College, which lies just outside of our neighboring community of Annandale-on-Hudson, as a candidate for the office. In part she said, "I have known Dr. Harry for some time and our relations have been most pleasant. He has long been a leader of young men. As a spokesman for the Women's Defense Union I cast 32 votes for Dr. Harry." In seconding this nomination Miss Donicia Platt, attired in a white jacket and skirt, said "I have some two hundred women behind me. We all feel that the only man really suited to the post is Dr. Harry. He has a fine mind and for many years has been engaged in leading youth along the paths of the ancient Greeks. He has also written the beginning of

a book on women, (although my dear friends I fail to see how any man no matter how learned could really understand the subtlety of the female mind) but I must get back to my subject, he has written a book about women which should put him in the position of being able to guide youth, both male and female. I second his nomination and move that nominations be closed." This motion was seconded and carried.

While it is not the policy of this paper to side with any candidate on any issue, we feel that this is a noble work and as such should have the full support of all of our friends and readers. The situation of the young people in this fair town of ours is fast becoming unbearable. We have it on respectable evidence that only last week a boy and girl, both in the high school, were seen on the main street both eating one ice cream cone. Such a flagrant exhibition of loose morals is not to be condoned. We will push to the limit of our resources the project to protect our youth. While we do not wish to lay the blame on any one group of people nor to sully the fair name of a college in this vicinity we would like to point to our editorial of last year in which we predicted something of the sort would happen to our fair town when a new educational policy was tried which placed no restriction on the students enrolled in the college aforementioned. Naturally

(Continued on Page Four)

Guardian Gives First Report Of Associated Sound's Most Recent Contribution To American Science
—Inventors Honor Bard Registrar With Name.

NAMED SANFORDPHONE

It was learned from authoritative sources early today that the Associated Sound System, the absolutely non-profit organization operating on this campus, has completed some important research in the perfection of the new "Sees All—Hears All—Tells All" machine, which, it is believed, will be patented as a "Sanfordphone."

P. POOP '35 NOT POOPED BUT IS GETTING AHEAD

"It stinks".

That was the verdict of Percy Poop, '35, when questioned by a GUARDIAN reporter concerning the value of a college education. Poop who was thrust upon the world after four years at Bard is now a member in good standing on the Bowery breadline. "Good standing," exclaimed Poop, "say, I've been standing since last June and I'm getting ahead all the time. Last week I got a piece of bread and I expect one next Tuesday. Next month I think I'll be promoted to the Times Square branch and then while I'm waiting I'll be able to run over to Billy Minsky's and knock off a quick matinee."

"What about the people you find as companions on the breadline? Do they have distinctive ability? questioned the ever inquisitive BARDIAN reporter.

"You're damned well told," said Percy taking offence at the thought that his fellows on the Bowery breadline were inferior to the men of Annandale. "Say we've got some of the finest drips in the country here. Say only yesterday I met six of my classmates from Bard and although they were at the end of the breadline and in such a position as did not warrant my speaking to them I could not let the difference in social stratification enter here for I remembered we were brothers in the bonds of Kappa Gamma Chi.

Percy wiped away a hastily shed tear at the thought of the sorry pass his brothers had come to. He continued talking. "My only regret is that the four years at Bard have kept me from being at the head of the Times Square line. If I had not wasted that precious time, it's quite possible that I could now be cutting the bread."

"Give my best to the boys at Bard and tell them—I'll be waiting for them down here. How about telling them to come down for the Reading Period and getting a little practice standing on the breadline. Good stuff for the worksheets."

General opinion has it that these machines will serve a very definite use in the new dorm. Since this building will be constructed between the stables and the back end of the gym—away from the solicitous administrative eye, it is thought that these machines will be installed in each room for student welfare. With these machines will be installed special rat-traps, of which there is a standard model and a super de-luxe model. The latter has cheese.

The Cookery Nookery

With summer almost upon us, it is time to consider summer foods. The sandwich is always appropriate if used in the right form. It is all right for friend husband to slap a large piece of steak between two thick chunks of bread but today I should like to tell you of a perfectly delicious sandwich that will appeal to all of the family. This concoction fits in well with the general spirit of summer since it may be made with a minimum of effort. Boil six eggs, while these are boiling, peel four bananas and a handful of grapes. When the eggs are boiled hard, shell and chop into the spinach you have soaked over night. Add fruit and run through your washing machine to mix thoroughly. Cut wafer thin slices of bread, spread thickly with catsup and lay face up. Apply a layer of your filling and another slice of bread face down. Cut into accurate octagons. A T-square and triangle plus little brother's geometry text will help you with this. If you like this recipe, won't you write and tell us? We'd like to know how it tastes before we try it.

—AUNT HELEN MARIA.

ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE WAS A LITTLE
OPUS KNOWN AS
"DOMINO PARLOR"

QUEENIE HICKS



John Francis Reville Hicks of Yonkers in the costume he will wear at the coming Maypole Frolic.

DIXIE PIXIE HIXIE WIXIE

Annapolis-on-Hudson, N. Y., May 5. — (MT) — John Francis Reville Hicks, of Yonkers fame, was elected tonight, by only a very slim margin, to be "Queen of the May." Chosen because of the dominance of his spiritual drive and motivating force, Mr. Hicks marks the first Queen on whom this honor has been bestowed.

Runner-up in the judge's selection was smiling James W. Pennock, 20-year-old cleric of Albany, N. Y., who lost several votes in the race for May Queen only because the Left Group felt he was too pretty. Discounted, too, because the judges would not allow physical loveliness to bear weight in their selection were: John W. Lydman, brilliant Olive Bridge (N. Y.) actor, George Galloway, Long Island equinist, William Nieman, Amityville (N. Y.) tennis star, and Richard York Frost, director of that latest Hollywood hit—"BROAD IS THE WAY."

Chosen with May Queen Hicks to serve as his ladies-in-waiting were: Edward Brundage, exciter of bugs, et al., William Thatcher, Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) prognostic, Bruce Gregory, muralist and wearer of fancy coats, and John Theis, who speaks for himself.

Two darling little flower girls completed the Queen's retinue: Winthrop Stearns, Junior, — and Thomas F. Simmons. These were unanimously selected by the judges because of their pacific natures and their cooperative spirit.

Queen-of-the-May Hicks was the first man to be elected to that position under the revised rules and regulations of the Amalgamated American Association of May Queen Judges, Inc. Present trends in May Queens, and past experience, prove that the people are no longer interested in pulchritude as the essential characteristic of May-spirit superiority. It was decided early this year that selections were to be made on a loftier, more intellectual, more spiritual basis. Friends of the Queen have long prophesied that he would be the victor.

Honorable mention should go to the runner-up, Mr. Pennock. Close to Queen Hicks in the rating, Mr. Pennock was passed and beaten only because of the prominence of his rotundity, the blush of his cheek,

and the flash of his smile. Too many people would be impressed, the judges felt, by his good looks. Queen Hicks was chosen on the third ballot when it was pointed out that the AAAMQJ rules must be observed.

Shortly after the announcement of Queen Hicks' election was made last night, a rumor was circulated around official circles that a contest was to be held later this week between the newly-elected Queen-of-the-May at Vassar College, an institution of education at Pough-

SCHULTZ IS NOT DEAD BUT TALKS OVER THE ETHER

Mr. John Shultz, the very-vice-president of the Associated Sound Cistern, arrived here today from Rhinebeck. Mr. Shultz was chairman of the annual radio convention, which took place this year over the dinner table of the Beekman Arms. Mr. Shultz kindly gave the reporters, who met him at the Barrytown Station, a copy of his opening speech.

"One of the most vital problems" "that has beset the campus since the advent of the forward movement is that of the various queer noises which issue forth from the several electrical labrynth commonly called radios. It is interesting to observe the variety of forms which these disturbances assume. "If you are an inmate of one of the Warden's cells, you doubtless have vainly endeavored to cast thin strands of shiny copper wire to catch nearby foliage. This really doesn't do much good if your set is anything less than a professional communications wireless receptor with twelve valves, with considerable high tension, with a good earth, with qwertyuiop, with magic ear, eye, nose and throat, with muffler cut-out.

If you live in Aspinwall, thar ain't no use playing a radio cause the fragrant aromas from the Black Hole of Calcutta spoil your appetite and you don't want to hear Buck Rogers anyway. If you live in the Stone Buildings the vacuum cleaners gently whirr away the day and nine naughty noises spoil Fred Waring at night.

keepsie, New York, and Mr. Hicks. The purpose of this forthcoming contest is to choose a sectional winner to represent Duchess County in the National Championships, to be held at Madison Square Garden, June 16th, 17th, and 18th. Announcement of the winner of this sectional election will be made at 11 o'clock P. M. next Friday evening in the Memorial Gymnasium.

THE GUARDIAN is supporting our candidate, May-Queen Hicks, through thick and din. Loyal supporters plan a rally this afternoon under the Lyre Tree. Refreshments will be served to all undergraduates wearing the "HICKS-FOR-QUEEN" badge of support.

TAKE THIS TEST AND SEND TO STUFFING DEPARTMENT

We rejoice in this opportunity to offer to our readers a new and different questionnaire on general intelligence, maturation, motivation and all 'round horse sense compiled, revised and submitted by the well-known psychologist, Dr. C. R. Candlestickmaker. Mr. Candlestickmaker has had considerable experience with monkeys and feels that this enables him to judge most accurately the reaction times and conditioned reflexes of human beings. Quoting from one of Dr. Candlestickmaker's addresses we find this statement that we consider most applicable, "In conducting a series of experiments with one of my howling monkeys, Trader, I found that his responses were essentially those that I, for instance, might make to any given stimuli. These experiments were conducted in a rigid scientific method, all variables were kept constant. We, Trader and I, had the usual controls. In 73 runs through a Warden-Columbia maze with the Murphy-Murphy-Murphy and Murphy modifications developed in Stanford in 1933 we had an almost perfect correlation of .98 plus or minus .0003 with another maze, the Lashley Triple T—Multiple Choice maze. This also correlates with Gemelli (1930), Pastori (1934) and Pavlov (1922). Using these as a foundation I have carried on my experiments on homo sapiens." We believe that this quotation proves the integrity and capabilities of Dr. Candlestickmaker.

Below we give you the questionnaire:

- Check in B column the synonym to the word in A column.

A. psychology	B. dog, monkey, chapel, Wheaties
A. reflex arc	B. Wheaties, monkey, chapel, dog
A. motivation	B. monkey, dog, Wheaties, chapel
- Circle the word in B column with nearest meaning to word in A column.

A. gowns	B. boexs, apples, nightshirts
A. chapel	B. kirk, church, cathedral
A. attendance	B. compulsion, requirement
- Would you, if the necessity were obviated, continue in the status quo regarding the going of students to chapel if said chapel attendance were suggested as a good thing to the essential life of the College as a whole?

Yes	Slightly yes	Maybe	Slightly no	No
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- Bard's educational plan is most like—

A. Buchmanism
B. Christian Science
C. Nirvana
D. Annandale Country Club
E. Union of Vowed Celibates
F. Antartica
G. The Morro Castle
H. New York State Training School for Girls
I. J., K., L. Zanadu
M., N., O., P., Aduwa
Q., R., S., T., U. Neurological Center
V., W., X., Y., Z. Three other places

Your Baby And His'n

Spring is here, and the robins are home once again, and baby is starting to lose his teeth. Teething time is, of course, a time of constant worry for your young mothers. And this week I have something brand new for you girls. The moment you notice that Baby's teeth are falling, write immediately to Mr. Blackwell, at Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., and he will send you free of charge one dozen

fried eggs every Friday morning. If this doesn't help baby, I'm quite confident that nothing will. However, if you are willing to take a chance, ask Mr. Blackwell for a piece of roasted lamb. It is advisable in the latter case, though, to allow your physician to administer the dose, as it is quite liable to be dangerous.

Next week, dear reader, I shall tell you how the use of powdered eggs in baby's creal will serve as a perfectly grand substitute for a tetanus injection.

—ERNESTINE WHITE.

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HA! HA!

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Bard Freshman Writes Home To Maw

May 8th.

Dear Mother,

Here I am at last at Bard, where men are men and a fellow has a chance to express his individuality. I'm awful sorry I wasn't able to write sooner than this. I arrived early in September—too damn early—but ever since I've been spending most of my time filling out work sheets. It really isn't so hard to fill out the work sheets, it's only tough when you haven't done any reading. But the fellows have showed me that it can be done. The work sheets I mean—not the work. There's no necessary relationship.

You know it's just like it says in the catalog—except for the library, which is slowly but surely rotting away, even tho' it is a wonderful example of Greek architecture like Dr. Harry always says. How wonderful it really is, is shown by the fact that it doesn't collapse. The librarian is a fellow who knows absolutely everything about any-

thing, who is the biographer of the Nat'l Dictionary. Even the marks system is just like in the catalog. They don't give no marks, but criteria sheets. On these sheets it says U, P, M, G, E. These letters stand for Unusual, Perfect, Marvelous, Grand, and Extraordinary—because everyone knows that's the only way you can describe Bard students. When I got on the campus some fellows who certainly appeared very ignorant (I suppose they were Seniors) remarked when they noticed me and some of my classmates that Bard was still specializing in the rehabilitation of broken down Sophomores and the spiritual nourishment of potential intellectuals. That isn't true, they're jealous on account of my class is a true example of distinctive students with distinctive ability—the sort who will really make the college go forward to Bennington and Sarah Lawrence.

And besides they don't give exams here. They give you culture tests to show you what you don't know and how much Bard will surely do for you before and if you graduate. Or sometimes the teachers ask the students to give supplementary evi-

dence. Or sometimes the teacher just comes into class and says "Well, boys, we'll write this morning . . ." But no exams. Hell, no. (Don't tell papa I said "Hell"—but college certainly is making a man of me whether I like it or not.) So since they don't give marks and they don't give exams (lots of the fellows think they don't give an education either)—so since they don't give these things, it's easy enuf to do well up here. You see, just like in the catalog, QUALITY COUNTS NOT QUANTITY. The only trouble is the minimum expectation thing. But that doesn't cause too much difficulty, except practically all the Senior class is on probationary status (which of course isn't probation). It seems they haven't been meeting minimum expectations or something. (First I thought it was 'cause they were always getting drunk and tearing off to Vassar and Geo. Miller's—although I can't see why they don't go to Bennington or St. Lawrence which like Bard embrace the advanced system of education).

Remember when we were up here and the fellow took us into lunch and was so considerate about how

we should get plenty of everything? Well, now it seems the students aren't so satisfied and now they have a food committee which meets once a week and discusses means of improvement and everything. So far we have a new lighting system, and next year we get a fresh coat of paint. They certainly get things done here like when they kept putting up and tearing down partitions in Bard Hall and Hegeman until they got it just right. No, sir, nothing but the best at Bard.

I'm sorry I can't write more but I want to see the ball games. We nearly beat Red Hook in baseball last year and nearly won one of the nine matches against Brooklyn Poly. We got nosed out of six straight in soccer—but the Ath. Dep't has every hope of winning a game next season. So everything's just wonderful and I'm getting more distinctive every day.

With much affection,

YOUR SON,

P. P. S. The food's swell. I'm enclosing a couple of menus.

SONNY.

Potage Fermiere
Cote D'Agneau Grillee au Cressay

Pommes de Terre Allumette
Petits Pois Frais au Buerre
Salade Chez-Soi
Glace Vanille
Cafe

Personal Notices

WILBERFORCE: Mother is sorry she threw the sofa. Come back.—Alice.

WILBERFORCE: Meet you in third phone booth upper level Grand Central.—Grace.

WILBERFORCE: I'm lonely. Please write or call.—Agnes.

WILBERFORCE: Is it true?—Lena.

Legal Notices

My husband Mr. John Smith having left my bed and board I am no longer responsible for any debts incurred by him.

—Mrs. John Smith.

Wanted: Wilberforce Rand, alias John Smith, for bigamy. Height: Five feet, six inches. Weight: One hundred thirty. Hair: Dark brown. Eyes: Glassy.—Annandale Police.

What's going on here

...what's happening
in these 40 houses

—the curing and ageing of leaf tobacco,
that's what's going on.

Thousands of hogsheads of mild ripe
tobacco are under these roofs... just lying
here ageing and sweetening and mellow-
ing for Chesterfield cigarettes.

*Like Rip Van Winkle, they sleep—the
tobaccos getting mellow and milder
for the cigarette that Satisfies.*



Two Radio Entertainments a Week

WEDNESDAY, 9 P. M. (E. D. T.)

LILY PONS

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MAY 8

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— BUT —

in the excitement of the Prom weekend, don't forget that Sunday, May 10th, is Mother's Day—

CAMPUS AGENTS

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offer special Mother's Day boxes which can be sent within a radius of 600 miles or wired further.

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Established 1905

IN THE CARTOON above our staff artist, Gregory Bruce, has ably and dramatically portrayed the sad and inefficient state of our national preparations for defense. Of course, it seems inconceivable that any other nation would attempt to attack the great and glorious U. S. A. BUT it might happen. There are powers in the East that feel the need for expansion. What is to prevent their expanding in the direction of the U. S. A.? Certainly if we are defenseless the idea is not so remote. WAR, hor-

WIPE OUT RED EDUCATORS . . .

THE GUARDIAN has been unsparing in its attempts to ferret out un-AMERICAN activities in AMERICA.

We got one. Professor Vladimir Phalenstoi teaches astronomy at Bard College. He is a freemason. He is a star-gazer. He is a COMMUNIST. He is lousy.

His latest activity in the employ of Moscow is foul. He has been telling his students that there will be a total eclipse in Russia this summer. This is not so. It is a Bolshevik trick to lure AMERICAN students to the land of the dirty mujik. It's the sort of thing Karl Marx might do.

But thanks to the GUARDIAN all AMERICA can now know that the total eclipse planned by the OGPU is un-AMERICAN. It is a direct plot against the solar system. The GUARDIAN has also found that Professor Phalenstoi is interested in catching the sun while it is being eclipsed by the Russians and COMMUNIZING good old Sol.

GOOD AMERICAN EGGS . . .

THE GUARDIAN is not to be confused with THE BARDIAN. THE GUARDIAN is an AMERICAN newspaper giving AMERICAN news to AMERICAN people living in AMERICA. AMERICA is also the home of Bard College. Bard College was the home of THE BARDIAN, a subversive radical COMMUNIST newspaper. Moscow paid professors must have had their finger in THE BARDIAN because THE BARDIAN was subversive and AMERICAN youth could not have had control of THE BARDIAN because they would be subversive and labor-sympathizers unless they were un-AMERICAN.

The editors of THE GUARDIAN are AMERICANS. They are good eggs.

THERE IS STILL TIME . . .

NOW that Prom week-end is under way, the editors of THE GUARDIAN feel a moral obligation to question the wisdom of the women cluttering up the campus and spreading powder over rooms already sloppy. It is simply beyond our understanding how women possessed of anything remotely resembling normal intelligence can allow themselves to be duped into a Bard date. What the hell do you people think you'll do here anyhow? We haven't had a decent prom in 20 years—the floor's bad, the music's worse. The ball game Saturday will look like a Vassar-Adelphi field hockey match. The chaperones get in your hair. And as for the Bard men themselves! Why any half-way intelligent girl should place herself in dangerous proximity for three days to the weak-minded, weak-kneed, self-styled intellectuals is a miracle of indiscretion and despair. Why the name Bard from coast to coast stands for self-opiniated, administratively-inflated, ineffectual wits!

Girls! Redeem, assert your intelligence (if you have any.) Go home. There is still time.

Names J. E. Harry
As P. M. Guardian

(Continued From Page One)

without the restraint of rules and regulations some of these boys who have not had the advantages that homes in the country provides, boys who have been subjected to the influences and temptations of the city, naturally such boys are bound to kick over the traces and start to sow their wild oats. Let them sow their wild oats, we can remember that when we were only

a bit older than they, we sowed our own wild oat, but we do not want the crop to be reaped in our town. We feel that it is only right that the same restraining influence that attempts to work in the college should work in our village. Therefore we appeal to each of our 499 readers, and to anyone else not a regular reader of this newspaper, to support Dr. J. Edward Harry for the office of Guardian of Morals. The weather for the past week or two has not been so good for the crops but we have it from "Pappy" Kennaugh that the sun is going to make up for lost time and we'll have a bang up year if it rains enough.

rible and devastating though it may be is still part of our modern life. WAR is inevitable. WAR may involve us. We are no longer isolated. We can be attacked. Remember the treatment accorded women and children in the last war by our enemies. Remember the rape by whole battalions of sick women, of grandmothers, of little girls who had their dolls torn from their arms so they could be the playthings of sex-mad soldiers. Remember the crucifixion of the mere youths who were fighting as our allies. Remember the Maine. Remember the Alamo.

ARE WE TO BE SUBJECTED TO THIS AGAIN? Armament is expensive, but is it more expensive than the lives of innocent children. War is expensive, but is it more expensive than the lives of your wives and daughters or your mother with her love and devotion to you. Remember home and you on your mother's knee as she sang you a lullaby. Would you want to see her ravished? Would you want to see your little daughter torn limb from limb?

Therefore we say, LET US ARM TO FULL STRENGTH. No one will attack a person stronger than himself. No nation will attack a stronger nation. We are not advocating aggression. We do not mean that we should declare a war. We do not want another WORLD WAR. BUT we do want the fair name of our country to be safe. We want to have the respect of other nations. We want to be best.

Look again at the carton. THINK. Do you, and you, and you, and you, want your home destroyed. If you do not declare yourself for adequate defense. We should have a ring of steel about the U. S. A. We should be safe from any nation. Even our land boundaries should be adequately fortified. Perhaps our northern or southern neighbors may continue in friendly intercourse. BUT THEY MAY NOT. We must defend ourselves.

DEFENSE AND PREPAREDNESS must be our watchwords. Act now. THE PEOPLE have strength to get what they want. Let us use this strength. LET US PREPARE.

Mother's Day in Hong-Kong
By EDGAR PEST

No matter how far a-field I roam,
No matter how wet I get at sea,
This day reminds me of one at home
Who is Mother, all Mother, to me.

And I think of her forehead, so
furrowed with care,
As I wander through distant lands,
I think of the silver that shines in
her hair,
Exactly four hundred and forty-
four strands.

I sit in Honk-Kong and shed a tear,
For the loved one across the sea.
And the dirge that I sing as I cry
in my beer,
"She's Mother, all Mother, to me."

ALICE

"It has always been my purpose", thought Alice, "to discover what the White Knight has for dinner." Alice had started out that morning with the Mad-Hatter and now found herself standing at a long table in a rectangular room. The room had been built up-side-down for some reason because all the windows were up by the ceiling and blinked gloomily in the filtered sunlight. But she liked the people sitting at the other tables and they seemed pleased to see her. At least they were all waving napkins at her and cheering wildly in a noisy sort of way. She was about to say a few words in appreciation when she was knocked down by a Long White Arm which placed before her a bowl of soup. Alice began to eat slowly but soon lay down her spoon when she noticed that the Long White Arm which had already started serving the second course was looking reproachfully in her direction. Slightly bewildered, Alice surrendered her bowl and grabbed at a passing dish. Despite the well-greased surface she managed to hold on long enough to transfer some of the contents to her own little plate.

Continuing this process of arresting numerous dishes in midair the girl finally succeeded in gathering a sizeable collection of food-stuffs. Filled with curiosity, she began to investigate the wonderful events before her. "This ribbed and cross-grained grey matter," she thought, "must have been meat." She had a strange feeling that it might even have been cow meat but she didn't clearly remember that far back.

The several string-beans peacefully bathing in a floury gravy, intrigued Alice although she was somewhat at loss to account for their varying shades and sizes. Abruptly her eyes fell on a little pile of rice but she didn't say anything because she had been well-brought up by a kind and understanding mother. Alice was vaguely thankful for this good education as her gaze fastened upon a confidently full-grown potato commanding a position between the apologetic rice and the unhappy beans.

The time has come, the poor girl said,
To talk of many things,
Cabbage, stew and apricots
And meatless turkey wings
And why the soup is never hot
And why stringless beans have
strings.

The big chandeliers began to melt away in the distance and even the noise which hadn't ceased since the start of the dinner died down to a low whisper. And then Alice knew she was falling once more.

COMMUNICATIONS

to the editor of the bardian

dere sir

i was very much interested what shannon that dog that sits in the middle of the drive always told me about plans that are on feet to make all zoos educational so people can know what life is all about because i think anything that improves zoos is good but i have something very close to my heart and that is bard college i am a student there and live in the lovely basement of south hoffman where i hear many vassinating educational conversations by some of the brightest boys in the school and it seems to me that all the boys are working against big odds because they are going to a college which aint what it should be now i have always said that college should be where you learn things a lot but the boys only learn how to get around things a lot and that aint getting into fundamentals beer is fundymental to but in a diferent way and you get it in cases while education is what you have after four years on a white paper which you cant read

and boys have to think to for instance when people dance they dont have time to think and that aint all there is to it and even mehetibel who sits on the fire escape and thinks she is an opra star knows that and therefore the best thing to do is to do away with dances because then the boys can think

and i think something should be done about those tea parties to because the boys get kweer idys about nothing and that is the saddest thing of all better perhaps if all the boys sat around and said poetry because some of them already do and they need much practice like now when its spring and everbody is making songs about little bees and birds and you baby but i think anybody that calls that poetry is nuts and maybe in love which is wonderful fot young people perhaps

and i think a lot of things like that should be fixed up to and the best things is a good education because you see the other side of life and that is something thats why bard graduates are called well rounded young men and they aint joking they got it all connected with the tree of life which is called an educational program here because its organic and thats better than mehetibels pyramid but i dont know about that because mehetibel sais she never saw an up-side-down pyramid and thats what other colleges are supposed to have and somebody called people homosapians and maybe they were thinking of the tree too but maybe the best thing about the tree is the leaves which can be called the leaves of life to because graduates always get whats left and then they aint unemployed and maybe they wont get that because the country is in a revolution but nobody knows that yet and thats why everybody is studying to be a business man

thats what i mean when i say that boys are working against odds because they all think they are going to be business men and engineers and professionals and nobody tells them that there are other boys that think that to and if some body would say see here thing of some thing new to do and if the boys did that things would be better a lot somebody in my basement said that we are living in a changing world but he wasnt speak about the world and maybe if college would stop being amusing and sit down and think a little like what you have to do when you go out in the world boys wouldnt have to work against so many odds because they would know there was a purpose in life and thats wonderful like education

with apologies to don mark
—archy

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